

469
KEEPER'S TRAVELS

IN SEARCH OF

12835 a 19
HIS MASTER.

Ah me! One moment from thy sight
That thus my truant-eye should stray!

LANGHORNE.

L O N D O N

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—
1798.



DEDICATION

TO

WILLIAM WEBB KENDALL;

Infans in brachia, &c. &c.

AS the FIELD-MARSHAL of Russia is in his cradle, the less turbulent character of PATRON OF LETTERS may not be prematurely offered to you. You will hereafter learn the use of reading in general: you will find it to be the support of all happiness, and the consolation of all misfortune: but the most extensive benefit that it confers upon mankind is, its continual effort to soften and enoble the heart, which our intercourse with the world perpetually tends to petrify and debase. Youth, unless its early years have been deplorably abused, is alive to all the feelings of virtue: but,

“ Versed in the commerce of deceit,
“ How soon the heart forgets to beat!”

LOGAN.

It is the muses' province, then, whether by history, by fable, by song, by admonition, or by reproof, it is the muses' province, to rouse and recal the genuine feelings of nature, which are those of goodness and of truth.

Perpetually employed in the pursuit of some fancied good, we are apt to rush for-

W.B.K.

ward careless what we tread upon—what we bruise, crush, and destroy. Hence it is evident that, we are daily prompted to treat with contempt the enjoyments, the comforts, and even the lives of others. This contempt easily introduces us to the perpetration of actual insult, outrage, and oppression.

The *penal-statutes* are practical essays on morality, that seem to have succeeded in convincing us that, these offences, when offered to mankind, are heinous in the extreme:—for they contain that persuasive argument, a threat of punishment:—but he who murders a sparrow, may assure himself that it is not his *VIRTUE* that prevents him from murdering a man, when occasion may present itself; his forbearance will be the result of no other sentiment than *FEAR*.

Many exertions are now making to obtain our compassion for the various animals for whom, in common with ourselves, the rain descends, and the sun shines: and I doubt not a rapid alteration of the opinions of mankind will reward these endeavours†: but

* The laws under which murder, theft, &c. are punished.

† Among these I recommend to you, “An Essay on Humanity to Animals:” by Thomas Young, A. M. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.—In what is afterward said, no allusion to this work is intended.—

“Pity’s Gift: a Selection from the writings of Mr Pratt,” I could also wish you to read.



I cannot

DEDICATION.

I cannot help anticipating the time, when men shall acknowledge the RIGHTS; instead of bestowing their COMPASSION upon the creatures, whom, with themselves, God made, and made to be happy!—If any part of their condition is to be compassionated,—it is that they are liable to the tyranny of man.

To this tyranny, because humble, and because affectionate—for their humility teaches them submission, and their affection, forgiveness—to this tyranny DOGS are particularly exposed: yet these creatures possess virtues that deserve our esteem, a suavity of deportment that wins our love, and talents that demand our respect. One of these is the subject of the following pages. You will see some cherish, and some ill-treat him—I know which part you will wish to have acted—and I am happy that you cannot fail of frequent opportunities of re-playing it.—Do not, however, be too confident in your untried virtue; that your heart condemns evil in others is no proof that you will not practise it yourself.—It would be shocking indeed, if you could be pleased with wickedness in speculation; but the commission is a different thing. I persuade myself, nevertheless, that frequent emotions of your heart, to reiterate which is the great business of books, *will* influence your conduct.

You will, probably, hereafter, be better acquainted with KEEPER: but it is not to you, alone, I address this book; nor for him, alone,

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DEDICATION.

alone, I plead—nor for the race of men only, but for the whole breathing world! I shall be fortunate if I contribute to the happiness of any one of those whom I am proud to call my fellow-creatures.

I am yours, very affectionately,

THE AUTHOR.

April, 1798.

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KEEPER'S TRAVELS

IN SEARCH OF

HIS MASTER.

CHAP. I.

THE DILEMMA.

KEEPER followed his master not only faithfully, but with care: yet it happened that, being at a town in Gloucestershire, on the market-day, he was so attentive to half-a-dozen fowls that were in a basket, standing for sale that, his master was out of sight before our dog

could persuade himself to leave the favourite objects of allure-
ment. Recovering himself, at length, he ran with haste and anxiety: but unable to discover the way his master had gone, and prevented by the multitude of people from seeing any person at a distance, the poor thing stood despairingly, looking round to no purpose, and sometimes running every way, in vain. He went back to the fowls where he had first forgotten his duty: he hastened from shamble to shamble, whither he had been with his master, in the course of the day, hoping to find him there.



there again. His misery increased every moment. Accustomed to regard his master as the only source of his happiness; to receive from him his food, and his comforts; to know no pleasure but his smiles; nor any evil but his anger; he stood, now, forlorn, stripped, helpless, and unprotected. The market-people at length dispersed; and, as the street became more open, he frequently fancied that he saw the object of his search among the distant passengers: and he spent the greater part of the day in fruitless sallies, to overtake the different persons who bore

any resemblance to him, with whom were all his hopes.

It was twilight when, weary and oppressed, both with anxiety, and with hunger, he visited, for the sixth time, the inn at which they had put up on their entrance of the town. Had they been used to frequent this place, or its neighbourhood, not only our wanderer would have readily found his way to his home-stead; but the hostler would, in all probability, recognising the attendant of a customer, have provided for his wants, and restored him to his owner: but the travellers had never visited the place before.

fore. They had journeyed this road for the first time, and their home was in Cambridgeshire; whither the master, after a search as anxious, made with an affection as sincere, and of which it need not be said, that it was equally unsuccessful with that we have described, had now directed his course, frequently looking back for his companion, and pleasing himself with the hope that he should soon be overtaken by him.

Keeper entered the inn with the most disconsolate deportment. He hastened to the apartment in which his master had been accommodated.

commodated. Disappointed still, he visited the stable where the horses had been lodged; and the kitchen where the servant had refreshed. Here, still unable to discover his master, yet surrounded by towns-men and labourers, who were regaling themselves before a large fire, he gave way to little expressions of his sorrow. He uttered those mournful plainings that want no words to render them intelligible: that universal language which is every where understood, by the inhabitant of every region, and by all orders of beings. For nature has so finely attuned the ears of all her creatures,

tures, that the sounds of misfortune, and of sorrow, never fail to win attention; and with such skill has she set the notes, that they cannot be misconceived.

This unquietness and solicitude, naturally drew the eyes of the company upon him; and every one enquired Whose dog it might be? One thought he had seen him in the market-place, and was certain he did not belong to any of the towns-people. A second *did* think him very like a dog that belonged to a neighbour of his; and really he should have thought it the same, only that the animal he spoke of, died
three

three years before, of old age. Another was almost positive that it belonged to the 'squire: but the hostler contradicted this vehemently. It was no more like any dog of the 'squire's, he said, than it was like his grand-mother. The other grew more certain from this contradiction. He particularized the dog he alluded to; and now the whole party joined against him—declaring that he could know nothing of dogs, or he would never have said any such thing. They were all agreed that the breed was quite different. Irritated by this reflection on his knowledge, the disputant thought

thought it impossible to recede from his error. Would his opponents have acknowledged that his opinion was not wrong, as a sportsman, or that the breed was the same in the two dogs, he would willingly have given up the contest: but, as this was not to be granted him, he grew more obstinate than ever, and offered a wager—which has been called a *fool's argument*—on the question; this was readily accepted, and stakes settled. During this debate each had by turns made Keeper welcome to their hearth, and a partaker of their meal. Relieved from the faintness of hunger,

hunger, and cheered by the warmth of the fire, Keeper fell asleep, expecting the return of his master. The evening thus passed away as comfortably as his anxiety would permit; and during the night he was sheltered in a warm stable, where the hostler secured him, in order that he might be ready in the morning to determine the wager.

CHAP. II.

THE ESCAPE.

KEEPER slept, and recovered himself from the fatigues of the day: but when light began to peep through the crevices of the stable, he rose to seek again the master he had lost. Unable, however, to leave, what was now his prison, he whined a considerable time; 'till he became sleepy again, and, for a short period, forgot his troubles. He would not have been so well satisfied with his lodgment, had it not happened to be the same in which

his master's horses had been baited; and on this account he considered himself as, in some degree, at home.

He had not lain many minutes before he was awakened by the opening of the door. He immediately rushed, barking furiously, to repel the intrusion; and the boy, who had attempted to enter, and who was unacquainted with the reasons for the detention of his foe, immediately fled.

Keeper was now at liberty, and he instantly ran into the house, visiting every chamber-door. This search was like his former, unsuccessful; he quitted the inn,

un-

unobserved by the hostler; and took the road by which he had, the day before, entered the town with his master.

He ran hastily along, without stopping to notice any thing, resolved to seek the house of a friend of his master, on whom they had called during their journey. This was considerably out of the direct homeward way, but here he hoped to find his master; and if he should not, still it was to him the *only* road; because the utmost of his knowledge, correct and surprising as it was, could only help to trace back the very steps he had trodden before.

He had travelled two hours without experiencing any thing that deserves to be recorded, when he entered a large town. He had, indeed, received two or three lashes from waggoners and coachmen, unprovoked and without other motives than that the men had whips in their hands, and the dog was unable to avoid, or resist their cruelty. Such temptations to the exercise of power, are seldom neglected by the low and the ignorant; and there are these in every rank of life. Those who have neither wit nor knowledge, do *mischiefs* that they may be thought capable of doing *something*;

thing; and those to whom no respect is paid, because none is due, love to *insult*, that they may fancy themselves mighty. He had scarcely gone twenty feet into *Tetbury*, when a rabble of idle children began to hoot the forlorn stranger. Dismayed by their noise, he ran forward, and might have escaped their persecution, had not the common inclination to trouble the troubled, induced a band of butchers, and other tradesmen, to join in the hunt. These with a refinement, peculiar to reasoning animals, knew how to render even *virtue* subservient to *evil*; making use

B 3

therefore

therefore of the *obedience* of their dogs, they urged them, also, to unite in the horrors of the scene.

Keeper found his pursuers gaining upon him, when, seeing a door open, he fled into the house, and tacitly claimed the protection of the place. It may be observed of dogs that, they always regard houses as their sanctuaries; that, when fatigued, lost, or in danger, they constantly seek in these for rest and consolation; and that, while other animals shun man and his abodes, dogs seem to place their hopes and their confidence in both.

CHAP. III.

THE REFUGE.

KEEPER had now escaped the malice of his tormentors, and lay trembling in the passage of the house: there they might not follow him; for it was occupied by an opulent inhabitant, who would of course resent their intrusion, and whom they dared not offend. Thus the power of the rich acting on the *interests* of the poor, it restrains their vices with an energy, and persistency, that no police nor statutes can maintain.

Alarmed

Alarmed by the noise in the streets, the old lady of the house came to enquire the cause. The troop of vagabonds had dispersed; but she found Keeper, covered with dirt, and terrified by his danger; and she learned from the servants, the causes of his condition. She encouraged the fugitive, and she offered him food. The first he received with gratitude; but the second, his fright, and his weariness, prevented him from accepting. He was washed from the filth that had been thrown upon him. The lady led him to her own fire, and in an hour he recovered his spirits, his strength,

strength, and his beauty. He was invigorated with food, and with caresses; and he acknowledged the blessings by the language of his eyes, and the cheerfulness of his demeanour. Yet, well as he was treated, he did not forget the journey he was about, nor the object of his toil: but he dreaded to leave the house; he heard his pursuers in his fancy: and he started from his dreams to escape them. It was near dinner time, when his protector's daughter, with her children, came to visit her; and Keeper was naturally introduced as a subject of novelty and commiseration. The children

children soon became familiar with him. They gave him pieces of cake to secure his friendship; and there was beside, something in his nature that made him particularly tender to children: with them he assumed a gentleness that did not always belong to his character. For though never intentionally violent, and constantly good natured, his play was, sometimes, boisterous and rude. This, on such occasions, he lay entirely aside: so that if he had before won protection, and succour, by his misfortunes, he might now have secured them by his disposition and his beauty.

Dinner

Dinner being ended, Keeper followed the children into the garden ; where there was a small piece of water, then frozen over, on which his little company were very desirous he should walk, that they might see if he understood skating.

CHAP. IV.

THE ACCIDENT.

KEEPER was presently heard scratching at the parlour door; but his importunities were for some moments neglected. He then whined and barked with violence, and with an expression of agony that roused the attention of the company, who opened the door to be released from the noise of his intreaties. This was no sooner done than he rushed from it, panting for breath, and barking earnestly. Finding that he was not followed, he returned
again.

again, still restless, and almost frantic. It was some moments before it was recollected that, dogs never behave in that manner without *some* cause: that, though they are not always competent to judge of the extent of the danger they apprehend, their vigilance may be relied on as unremitting; and their warnings regarded as useful: and that, their sympathetic sensibility of their nature, enables them to distinguish, owing to their intimacy with man, between his welfare, and his disasters. Calling therefore to mind that the children were in the garden, the whole company

C

pany now followed Keeper, who ran, and returned, several times, before they could reach the spot, where, to their horror, they beheld only one of the three children, and this stood crying. The dog ran upon the ice, the middle of which was broken. The poor distressed creature scratched the margin of the crack, and whined in violent agitation. The only gentleman of the party leaped into the water. The mother of the children fainted. The servants being alarmed, assisted in the search, which was long, and could not be prosecuted without breaking the remaining ice. The

apparatus of the HUMANE SOCIETY was not to be had: but a surgeon in the town understood the means of recovery recommended by that institution.—An institution that will give, to the memory of HAWES, a monument which *time* shall enlarge and adorn, while he corrodes the statue of brass, and moulders away the pillars of marble.—Fortunately the surgeon arrived at the moment when one of the bodies was found. The other, also, was soon after discovered. The delay which had attended the search, rendered the restoration of life difficult. It was, how-

ever, accomplished. Keeper lay by the side of the bed, during the process; and the children being left warmly covered, he returned with the rest of the company, in an agony of joy, to the parlour. Joy was, indeed, in every countenance: and it was an affecting situation, could Keeper have felt it, to be at least the second cause, and means made use of, to give pleasure so excessive to a circle thus numerous. The mother shed tears while she caressed the preserver of her children; and all were desirous to shew their affection for a creature that had done so much service.

The

The old lady imputed the circumstance of Keeper's visit, to a special Providence, for the protection of her grandchildren; and the vicar, who had benevolently assisted, said, he thought it could not be deemed an improper or low application of the text, if he applied to this event, the promise that has been made *that, the gift of* EVEN A CUP OF COLD WATER, *bestowed for kindness' sake, and charity's, shall not lose its reward!* "We see," added he, "we see that no creature is so low, nor so weak, but it may do us infinite service—the *mouse* released a *lion* from confinement,

as our friend Æsop has recorded. And if, therefore, this were the only motive, we should, *for our own sakes*, behave well to every thing—I say, *this* consideration ought to influence us, *even* if we forget that none but *fools*, and cowards, can find any gratification in hurting what is *weaker than themselves*; if we forget that none but the *cruel*, would unnecessarily injure *any thing*; if we forget that none but the *wicked* would dare to insult any of the creatures of God”

“Who in his sovereign wisdom, made them all!”

COWLEY.

“And

“And be sure,” continued he, addressing himself to the child who had not fallen into the water, “be sure, my dear, you never pretend to think the smallness or triflingness of the creature, beast, bird, fish, insect, or reptile, any excuse of your crime: for, remember,

“————— the *meanest* things that are,
 “Are *free* to live, and to *enjoy* that life,
 “As God was *free* to form them at the first!”
 COWPER.

Every indulgence was heaped upon Keeper; and many plans were laid down for his future happiness: but Keeper left them only the merit of intention: for,

late at night, perceiving the street quiet, and summoning courage to depart, he left the house, unobserved, and continued his journey.

CHAP. V.

THE BLUNDERBUSS.

THE night was dark, yet he pursued the track, which, by the wonderful sagacity common to his species, he was enabled to recognize. He went as fast as his strength would permit; but this was much exceeded by his impatience. He passed alone and unmolested the greater part of the night. He was sometimes overtaken and met by mail-coaches; and terrified by their lamps. He passed inns where the sleepy helpers brought out harnessed

nessed horses to be changed, and in these inns he would gladly have sought a place of rest and shelter from the coldness of the air : but the ardour with which he sought his master, would not suffer delay ; and day-break discovered him to the early labourer, still pressing onward with swift and even pace.

He was interrupted during a few minutes, by a hare, that crossed his path ; in pursuit of whom he traversed several acres of crisp and frost-whitened wheat. Having driven puss into a thorny thicket, whither he found it difficult to follow her, he gave up
the

the chase, and returned with the haste of a truant to the road of his journey.

Though this frolic had wasted a small portion of his time, and contributed to weary his feet, yet was it, on the whole, very beneficial to him. The violence of the exertion had warmed his frozen limbs, and he returned with renewed vigour to his path.

He was now descending a hill, and he ran down with all the speed he could, for he recollected that in the bottom was a small inn, where his master had stopped, and he would fain persuade himself that there he should find
him

him again. This hope cheered his bosom ; and he felt a glow of pleasure to which he had long been a stranger. He delighted himself ; and it would have been an unthankful office to have destroyed his expectations :

“ Pursue, poor imp, th’ imaginary charm,
“ Indulge gay hope, and fancy’s pleasing fire :
“ Fancy and hope, too soon shall of themselves
 expire !”

BEATTIE.

The sign post appeared in view, and every nerve was strained to reach the goal of his hopes. A traveller on horseback was at the door ; and he thought that he resembled his master. The
traveller

traveller looked toward him ; and he wondered that he was not greeted, returning wanderer as he was, with some token of affection and of joy. He feared that his master took no notice of him because he was angry ; and he prepared to prostrate himself at his feet, and implore his forgiveness. He reached the house, and he approached the horseman, only to discover his mistake, and to destroy his hopes ; and in the moment of his disappointment, the man who was watering the horse, threw what remained in the pail, upon him. This was a trifling misfortune ; but, in his present
D distress,

distress, it affected him; and he thought himself the object of general persecution.

He went on, while the man laughed to see him wet and shivering. The water presently froze in his hair; and increased his coldness, and his misery. He travelled four miles farther, and entered a town wherein the mail stopped. The dangers of the night being at an end, the guard, as usual, discharged the contents of his piece. In performing this mighty feat, it is usual, also, to do some mischief, *if possible*. Keeper's sorrowful appearance attracted the eyes of the hero, at
this

this unfortunate moment: he levelled a blunderbuss at our unsuspecting and plodding traveller, and, in an instant some small-shot were lodged near his shoulder, while a ball grazed his back, but happily passed over without inflicting a severer wound. Keeper did not immediately feel the shot. He winced from the smart which the ball presently occasioned. He was scared, too, by the report of the gun, and the shouts of his enemies; and he fled precipitately from the inhospitable place.

CHAP. VI.

Where shall he rest secure from harms?

BEATTIE.

THE extreme terror with which Keeper hurried through the town, prevented him from feeling the extent of the injury he had received. Gaining, at last, the open and unfrequented road, his fears began to abate; and with them the rapidity of his steps. The blood which had hitherto flowed unperceived, now began to mat his hair in congealed and frozen clots; and his stiffening joints soon rendered motion difficult.

ficult and painful. His wounds were pierced by the keen air; and he limped along, slowly, and in torture.

His sufferings increased his weariness, and overcome by their acuteness, he lay down under a hay-rick, and folded up his legs, curling his body round to protect himself from the blast. He would have slept, but the anguish he endured, denied him even a short respite from his sorrows. He lay pondering his condition: and if he *anticipated* no evils to come, the same ignorance of future events, which men sometimes inconsiderately envy, shut from

him the *hope of deliverance*, from those he already experienced. He did not espy *death* in the gloomy rear of his disasters, "making night hideous:" but he thought himself confined *for ever* to his *present* bleak and unsheltered abode. He dreaded no *mortification* in his wounds, nor no *fever* in his pulse; but neither had any prospect of *relief* from the excruciating pang that *now* oppressed him. He despaired of seeing again the master of his heart. He believed that *his* presence would remove *all* evils: for he remembered his *kindness* with enthusiasm, and his *capacities* with admiration:

miration : and when you have blended *benevolence* with *power*, you have made a *divinity*.

These ruminations were disturbed by the noise of men and terriers, who were in pursuit of rats across the farm yard; and who, discovering Keeper, immediately turned a portion of their fury against *him*. Keeper was roused by their approach, and hastily gained the road, where he limped along with all the expedition he could use, until he found himself delivered from his new danger. Hard and calamitous as this intrusion on the repose of the weary, and the couch
of

of the wounded, may appear, it was, in truth, a fortunate circumstance. For had he lain any time exposed to the intenseness of the frost, his limbs would, in all probability, have become so completely numbed that he could not have risen again; and being besides deprived of his usual quantum of internal heat, by fatigue and hunger, the severity of the approaching night must have put an end to his existence.

But “forced into *action* thus, in self-defence,” he preserved, for the present, the use of his muscles; and proceeded, with infinite

nite labour, on his way. The tardiness of his pace, nevertheless, suffered his powers of motion to diminish every moment; and his condition conspired with the frigid atmosphere to bring on a drowiness, to which he was repeatedly inclined to give way, and which must, inevitably, have been a fatal one.

While thus dragging his miserable body, he could not help regarding *men* (the beings from whom he had received so many injuries) as monsters, whose whole occupation was to render every thing around them miserable. He was ready to ask,

“Then

"Then what is man? And what man seeing this,
"And having human feelings, does not blush
"And hang his head, to own himself a man?"

COWPER.

He knew some exceptions. Had he not been well treated by some, even in his present pilgrimage, he had been led to suppose that all the kindness he had ever received from strangers, had been bestowed upon him because, in his *master's* presence, they *dared not* use him ill: for of the goodness, skill, and strength, which he attributed to his master, he was inclined to believe that the generality of the race possessed only the two latter, and that they

they used these for no purpose than to destroy. Fortunately, however, for the human character, an individual was at hand to rescue it from this universal stigma.

The apothecary of the next village was trotting homeward, and the hoofs of his horse rung upon the frozen ground. Keeper looked back and dreaded a new tormentor. The apothecary, in the mean time, had watched the slow pace of the maimed and solitary traveller. On near approach, he was so moved at the appearance of the poor disconsolate beast, that after walking by his side a
few

few paces, and perceiving that he was lame, owing to a recent wound, he alighted in order to administer whatever comfort his benevolence and knowledge could afford. Keeper at first retreated; for a *man* and that a *stranger*, seemed to him, at this juncture, sufficient cause of alarm. The soothing voice with which he was invited, soon overcame, notwithstanding, the fears he had entertained; and led by the credulousness of sincerity, he advanced towards the hand that offered to cherish him. On coming close, he was farther encouraged by the countenance of the compas-
ate

ate way-farer. For nature has kindly provided all animals with instant perceptions of good and evil: and these perceptions are, perhaps, most strong and certain in infants and animals, because they are unprejudiced: while those of men are confused by accidental circumstances: dress, general reputation, and a thousand others.

The good man found that nothing could be done for Keeper's relief in their present situation. It was useless to apply any balsam or ointment, while the wounds were covered with coagulated blood, mingled with hair. He

was much at a loss, how to get the dog to his own home: both because he doubted if he would follow him; and because he could not bear to see him walk in so much pain, with his hurts open to the evening frost. He tied his handkerchief over the part that was injured; at which operation Keeper complained loudly; because, like some wiser creatures, he did not comprehend the utility of the temporary and seeming evil. He was soon, however, reconciled to the bandage, and felt its benefits.

While the young surgeon was considering whether he should
try

try to carry Keeper on his horse, the errand-cart overtook him. To the driver he committed the care of his *protegé*, who placed him in a basket of straw. In this comfortable nest he indulged his propensity to sleep, with safety; and was thus carried to the house of his benefactor.

CHAP. VII.

CAROLINE.

KEEPER did not like to be disturbed in his slumbers, and forced from the warm bed in which he had ridden. Much less was he pleased with the useful operations which succeeded this hardship. His shoulder was bathed with warm milk and water; and the hair cut away from the *cicatrices* which began to bleed afresh. In performing this essential and charitable office, the apothecary, who, till then, could not conjecture how the wounds had been

occasioned, discovered that several shot were lodged in a manner that endangered the future use of the limb. A task more important therefore remained; that of extracting these shot; and it was, unfortunately, of a nature that would render resistance on Keeper's part, as certain, as troublesome.

Keeper repented that he had surrendered himself into the hands of one, who, as he thought, was, like the rest of mankind, devising every method of torturing him. He knew not that the pain he was made to suffer, was the means

of his future preservation and comfort.

During the time in which the apothecary was thus employed, a neighbour came in to pass an hour in conversation, it being then dark evening, and he assisted the painful kindness of the operation. They bound Keeper, and secured his mouth so that he could neither resist nor resent the excruciating torture which they were obliged to inflict. Keeper suffered considerable agony, and by turns meditated vengeance on his tormentors, or submitted with patience to what he thought their *cruel* purpose.

Released,

Released, at length, he no longer remembered his resentments; but received their caresses with joy and gratitude. Ointments were now applied that cooled the throbbing fores. Bandages secured rest to the too much irritated parts; and he was lain near the fire to enjoy again his slumbers, and his repose.

It was not, it should be told, wholly to the surgeon and his friend, that Keeper owed all these attentions, nor was it these alone who witnessed and pitied his sufferings. It was Caroline who spread the lint with salve. It was Caroline who sewed the bandage;

dage; and who folded it again and again to insure his comfort. It was Caroline who lay flannel for a mattress; and who gave him the little milk, and bread and butter, which he could find appetite to take. These *traits* of loveliness did not pass unnoticed or unrewarded by a gentleman who had entered the room during her exertions.

This gentleman happened to have passed through the town in which the disaster happened, at the moment in which the blunderbuss was fired. He saw Keeper run away, but he did not then certainly know that he was wounded,

wounded, his attention having been engrossed by an accident which the same act of wantonness had caused; and which had occasioned his present visit to the benevolent apothecary.

CHAP. VIII.

THE POST CHAISE.

THE guard had fired his blunderbuss at Keeper, at the instant when a chaise and four was passing rapidly through the high-street. The horses took fright, and dashed the carriage against the cross in the middle of the town. The violence of the concussion overturned it; and it was dragged by the horses, whose fright had increased, while the postillions were thrown, and great part of the harness and wheels broken. The gentleman who

now

now called on our apothecary; being a magistrate, instantly ordered the guard into custody; and, the horses being stopped, hastened to inquire if any injury was sustained by the travellers? On coming near he discovered that it was the carriage of an old and intimate friend. He found that this gentleman was only slightly bruised; but that his son, who was with him, had received several cuts and contusions, and was taken almost senseless to a surgeon in the town; whence, his wounds having been dressed, he was removed to the house of the magistrate, their original destination.

tinuation. He now requested his medical friend to accompany him on a visit to the unfortunate young gentleman. They left Caroline and their neighbour attending Keeper. They found a strong inclination to fever in the patient, whom the apothecary left, after a long visit, promising to call in the morning.

Keeper's illness was increased by his anxiety for his master. His spirits were always dejected; and even the kindness, and the kisses, of the fair Caroline, failed to infuse his heart with permanent pleasure. His fellow-sufferer, Henry Walwyn, lay for a considerable

siderable time in very imminent danger. It was three weeks before he was able to walk in the air. When he did, his friend introduced him to the house of the apothecary. He was desirous to see Keeper; who had shared the misfortunes of the day with him, and the benefactors also, who had now almost recovered him from the baleful effects of them.

It will be supposed that great part of the conversation turned upon the accident they had encountered; upon the misfortunes of Keeper; and the relief which had been administered to him.

“I am acquainted with a gentleman,”

man," said the magistrate, " who says he would always form his opinion of a man's character by his behaviour to dogs; and though the rule might sometimes misguide him, especially if too hastily applied, I am of opinion that it would, in general, be a very just criterion."

" People sometimes behave ill to dogs," rejoined the apothecary, " not through settled dislike, or uniform ill nature, but merely in the moments of petulance and impatience."

" Your discrimination," answered the magistrate, " fully directs your decision: for the man

man you describe is, more or less, a *petulant* man," though not of a settled bad disposition.—I say *bad disposition*, because, adopting my friend's maxim, I cannot think that there can be much that is worthy esteem in the character of a man who can ill use a creature so affectionate, and so faithful. I would risque no hopes of happiness with him: I should expect nothing from his feeling, his generosity, nor his gratitude. He must be "dead to nature and her charities."

"I agree with you, entirely;" said the elder Mr. Walwyn, "and if their assiduities are sometimes
F 2 awkward;

awkward; and their careffes trouble-
some, yet, surely,

“—————nothing can come amiss

“That simpleness and duty tender!”

SHAKESPEARE.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

DOGS.

KEEPER was now so far recovered, that his life was no longer in danger; nor was there any reason to doubt his soon having the full use of the leg that had been injured: but he had not yet obtained strength sufficient to attempt the escape from his present abode which he certainly meditated. Kindly as he was used, and it was impossible he could receive more kindness any where, he had not forgot the master who

had formerly cherished him, and whom he had lost through his own negligence and inattention. He began to entertain a better opinion of mankind than he had lately been induced to form: but still, of all the race, he loved none so dearly as his master; and, next to him, his family.

The conversation happened, one day, to bring on this subject. Caroline was much grieved to hear it the general opinion that Keeper would leave her as soon as he was well. She urged the well known gratitude of the species, in contradiction of an idea which she thought at once disgraceful

graceful to Keeper's character, and her attentions.

The magistrate said, he hoped the lady would forgive him, if he differed as to the inference to be drawn from the prevailing sentiment of gratitude: for, to him it seemed, that this very feeling would lead the dog to seek again his original owner. The magistrate here enlarged on the virtues of dogs in general, and their characteristics.

“The understanding of dogs,” he said, “surpasses that of all other animals, except man and the elephant.”

“Are

“ Are not apes and monkeys very sensible ? ”

“ They are reckoned among the most stupid of quadrupeds ; ” answered the magistrate, “ the appearance of understanding in them, is entirely in consequence of the resemblance which their form bears to that of man : but this similarity is, in fact, a convincing proof of their total want of capacity. Because, if they possessed this, in addition to the advantages of exterior conformation, they would never be surpassed by the dog, and the elephant, and even the horse ; whose
shape

shape and organization differs so widely from ours."

"To what then is the superiority of dogs to be attributed?"

"To their sensibility. This makes them susceptible of affection, and capable of attachment. Nature has given them this disposition, which is improved by a constant society with man."

"That the qualifications of dogs," said the apothecary, "depend materially on their education, is evident from the extreme dissimilarity of the habits and manners of different individuals. They are even silent or noisy, according

according to the company they are used to keep."

"Very true," said Walwyn, "the shepherd's dog who is all day long upon silent and solitary downs, scarcely ever barks; while ladies' lap-dogs—I beg Caroline's pardon—but, as she has no lap-dog, she will, perhaps, excuse my saying that, from some cause or other, lap-dogs are incessantly yelping."

"I dislike small dogs very much on that account;" said Caroline, "and I think larger dogs are not only more silent, but better natured."

"They

“ They certainly are,” said the magistrate, “ and in this particular, the mastiff surpasses all the rest of the species, perhaps. He has so much temperance and judgment that, in performing the duty of a watch-dog, he will permit a stranger to come into the yard, or place which he is appointed to guard ; and will go peaceably along with him through every part of it, so long as he touches nothing : but the moment he attempts to meddle with any of the goods, *or endeavours to leave the place*, he informs him, first by gentle growling, or, if that is ineffectual, by harsher means, that

that he must neither do mischief nor go away. He never uses violence unless resisted; and he will, even in this case, seize the person, throw him down, and hold him there for hours, without biting."

"Will all mastiffs behave thus?"

"Perhaps not: but this is their general character."

"The mastiff is peculiar to England, I believe?"

"Entirely so: it is called the *English dog*, by foreign naturalists."

"How many species of dogs are there?"

"To

"To answer you as a Zoologist, I should say, twenty three: the varieties of the wolf, the hyæna, the jackall, and the fox being included in that number: but I know that you rather intended to ask, How many varieties there are of what are *commonly* called dogs?"

"I beg your pardon: I spoke incorrectly: I thank you for setting me right. Pray do you recollect the number of varieties?"

"It is, perhaps, impossible to reckon exactly: they are almost without end. Thirty-five, however, with some sub-varieties, are described, as belonging to that
 G species

dogs, if I recollect right, and species which is called, the 'FAITHFUL DOG.'

"The dog then is *naturally* cruel?"

"He is : but his ferocious nature is conquered by gentleness. He is not therefore a mere machine, but acts from sentiment, and reflection."

"It has been charged on the spaniel that man learned to fawn and be servile in imitation of that creature."

"A witty writer, in a periodical paper, the 'Mirror' of the 'World,' I think, entirely changes the accusation. After praising
3 being

being obliged, at last, to admit that they do fawn and flatter, and, sometimes, even the unworthy; he says, in extenuation, 'we ought to look with great lenience on this fault, in an animal, who, after six thousand years intimacy with *man*, has learned but *one* of *his* vices.'

CHAP. X.

THE HERMIT AND HIS DOG.

ON another occasion, a similar conversation brought to the recollection of the company a beautiful little tale by PRATT; and, at their request, Walwyn read it, as follows :

"In life's fair morn, I knew an aged SEER,
 Who sad and lonely pass'd his joyless year;
 Betray'd, heart-broken, from the world he ran,
 And shunn'd, oh dire extreme! the face of man;
 Humbly he rear'd his hut within the wood,
 Hermit's his vest, a hermit's was his food.
 Nitch'd in some corner of the gelid cave,
 Where chilling drops the rugged rock-stone lave;
 Hour after hour, the melancholy sage,
 Drop after drop to reckon, would engage

The

The ling'ring day : and, trickling as they fell,
A tear went with them to the narrow well.

Then, thus he moraliz'd, as slow it pass'd :

" This brings me nearer Lucia than the last !

" And this, now streaming from the eye," said he,

" Oh, my lov'd child ! will bring me nearer thee !"

When first he roam'd, his Dog, with anxious care,
His wand'rings watch'd, as emulous to share.

In vain the faithful brute was bid to go ;

In vain the sorrower sought a lonely wo :

The hermit paus'd—the attendant dog was near ;

Slept at his feet, and caught the falling tear :

Uprose the hermit, up the dog would rise ;

And every way to win a master tries.

" Then be it so : come faithful fool." He said.

One pat encouraged, and they sought the shade.

An unfrequented thicket soon they found ;

And both repos'd upon the leafy ground :

Mellifluous murm'ings told the fountains nigh ;

Fountains that well a pilgrim's drink supply :

And thence, by many a labyrinth is led,

Where every tree bestow'd a nightly bed,

Skill'd in the chase, the faithful creature brought

Whatever at noon, or moonlight, course he caught :

STAND

But

But the Sage lent his sympathy to all ;
Nor saw, unwept, his dumb associates fall :
He was, in sooth, the gentlest of his kind ;
And, though a hermit, had a social mind :

“ And why,” said he, “ must man subsist by prey ?
“ Why stop yon melting music on the spray ?
“ Why, when assail’d by hounds and hunter’s cry,
“ Must half the harmless race in terrors die ?
“ Why must we work of innocence the wo ?
“ Still shall this bosom throb, these eyes o’erflow !
“ A heart, too tender, here, from man retires :
“ A heart that aches, if but a wren expires !”

Thus liv’d the master good, the servant true,
‘Till to its God the master’s spirit flew.
Beside a fount, which daily water gave,
Stooping to drink, the hermit found a grave.
All in the running stream his garments spread ;
And dark damp verdure ill conceal’d his head.
The faithful servant, from that fatal day,
Watch’d the lov’d corse, and hourly pin’d away :
His head upon his master’s cheek was found ;
While the obstructed water mourn’d around !

CHAP. XI.

THE DEPARTURE.

IT was on the morning after Walwyn had read this little poem, that Keeper, fresh from the repose of the night, and invited by the brightness of the landscape, determined to proceed on his pilgrimage to the house of his master's friend. He left the gate before the family had risen; and ran with a light heart, while the ground, covered with hoar frost, reflected, in ten thousand spangles,

gles, the brilliance of the rising sun,

He had not advanced many paces before he fancied himself called by Caroline. He looked back: he stopped; and his spirits forsook him. The hope of seeing his master could scarcely support him under the affliction of leaving Caroline: she who had rescued him from misery: who had warmed and fed him: who had nursed and cherished him! He was not called; yet he determined to return once more, to the doors that had been opened to his sufferings; that had shut out persecution, at the moment when it seemed to follow

follow him with hasty and unrelenting step. He returned, and loitered in the yard till Caroline appeared. He hastened to meet her with extasy. He prostrated himself. He wished to be forgiven the intention of leaving her: he licked her hand; and he paid homage without flattery: for it was the homage of affection, and of gratitude.

His behaviour was so extravagant that Caroline imagined something extraordinary had happened; but she did not guess that the little fugitive had attempted to leave her. He ran to the farthest extremity of the yard: he

he returned, and tearing round her, bounded again to a considerable distance; lessening, however, the extent of his fallies at every repetition; and again rushed upon her to express his joy at beholding her again.

He remained the whole of that day unable to conquer his reluctance to leave Caroline, and the Apothecary: the night however was passed in making resolutions for the morning; and agreeably with these, no sooner were the doors open, than Keeper set forward on his journey.

The morning was fine, like that of the day preceding. Keep-

er was tolerably strong, though he had not wholly recovered his former activity; and the weather prompted that speed which best suited the impatience of his wishes. His progress was pleasant and uninterrupted, except in a single instance. Four or five oxen were grazing on the side of the road, and Keeper was obliged to pass them. He looked about for a by-way, that might enable him to avoid them. It was in vain; summoning, therefore, all his fortitude, he crept, cowering, flouching his ears, and hanging his tail, for they had already left the herbage, and menaced his approach.

approach. The humility with which he advanced did not reconcile his opponents. They rushed furiously toward him. They lowered their heads as in the act of butting. Keeper was now surrounded. Death seemed inevitable. The poor unoffending Keeper was to be the victim of their fury, and the sport of their tyrannous strength. In this moment of danger, bewildered, and almost terrified to stupefaction; encompassed on every side, and on the point of surrendering without hope, and without capability of resistance, Keeper, as the last effort, made a desperate *sortie*:
passing

passing under one of his most determined assailants, and receiving a slight graze from the horns of another, he leaped on a frozen pool, hoping to cross it, and thus escape his pursuers. Unfortunately, the ice was too slight to bear him. He sunk half way into the water, and was much hurt by the edges of the ice that surrounded him, in his struggles to escape. Hither the oxen followed him. Invigorated now by apprehension, he ploughed up the ice before him; for every piece on which he rested, instantly gave way; and with excessive pain and difficulty reached the opposite bank. This

H

was

was so steep that his efforts to scale it, terminated only in as many falls upon the broken ice and water; and two or three of the oxen who had been impeded by the ice, came round to wait his landing. In this dilemma, he worked his way to another edge of the pool, and, leaping over a gate, gained an extensive meadow. He had not time to felicitate himself on his deliverance, before he perceived other cattle coming toward him, with threatening gestures, stamping the ground, and lifting their tails in the attitude of rage. Keeper ran; but he presently found him-

self meeting one who was driving furiously at him. He stood still, gazing on the foaming beast: the beast also stood still. He perceived a gap which led to an adjoining field, and which was stopped up with a thin hurdle, and dead bushes. He made toward this, and creeping through it in a moment, fancied himself safe. The beast had pursued him close, and almost at the very instant in which Keeper passed, ran his horns between the bars of the hurdle. The whole barrier gave way before the fury of the enraged animal; who tossed the hurdle furiously into the air; and

tore, with the rest of the herd, in pursuit of Keeper. A path crossed this field which Keeper immediately gained, and fled onward where a few soldiers were walking to the town. The soldiers alarmed at the sudden approach of the cattle, in this angry mood, immediately ran away, which conduct only increased their danger. They were even foolish enough to beat the drums they had with them. Keeper fled to them for succour, and by so doing made them sharers in his danger; and they by their behaviour, drew more completely on him, and themselves, the anger of

of the common enemy. In this dangerous situation, which they met so ignorantly, or imprudently, it can scarcely be thought that any thing could have layed them, had not a gentleman, coming the other way, perceiving their predicament, called out to them to stand still, to face the oxen, and to cease the noise of the drum. This was no sooner done than the cattle stopped. Then, wheeling round, they sped to some distance, and again advanced, as if determined to attack. In a few seconds they wheeled again, and at the end of every evolution they were

nearer the terrified passengers than before.

The gentleman now coming up, directed the party to pretend to meet the oxen. This behaviour, together with scaring them, by waving their hats, sticks, and other such actions, soon enabled them to quit the field in safety.

The gentleman cautioned the soldiers that, if a similar accident at any time befel them, the most dangerous conduct possible is, to run hastily away. "I was once," said he, "somewhat in your situation. I found that whenever I turned my back, the animals

animals galloped toward me; and I escaped by walking backward, slowly; and repeatedly menacing with my stick. The beasts frequently advanced, but were checked by my movements. These I practised until I had reached a gate; when, springing hastily, I secured myself from danger."

The travellers parted. Keeper gained the road by a circuitous course, which brought him into it at some distance from the scene of his first alarm.

CHAP. XII.

KEEPER was very sore from the difficulties of his adventure; but his spirits were elated by the success of his efforts. He travelled with persisting quickness, although he soon became oppressed by fatigue, by hunger, and by thirst. He was many times disappointed by the appearance of water, which he found to be covered with ice; and this he could only lick: for he had not judgment enough to dream of breaking the surface.

Night-

Night-fall came on: it increased the coldness of the air, and it involved him in darkness. Still, however, he continued plodding "his weary way."

Midnight passed while he was yet many miles from the house of his master's friend. He was scarcely able to go on; but he knew that he was approaching the place of his destination; and the thought encouraged him to exert all his power and his perseverance. A clock struck three, and though he knew not the meaning of the sound; he recollected to have heard it at the house whither he was bent. His heart

heart leaped for joy; and he presently entered the yard-gate, the way he had been used to go in with the horses. No creature was to be seen, nor any noise to be heard, save the rustling of the horses at their mangers. After scratching at one or two of the doors without obtaining admittance, he lay down under a crib, upon some hay that had fallen from it, first walking round, and smelling his intended couch. Here, cold and damp, as it was, for night was now at work, encrusting every blade, and pipe of straw, with frozen dew, yet here, cold and damp, as it was, Keeper

er lay in luxury ; and rested from his fatigues and his dangers for more than two hours. He was awakened by footsteps, and whispering voices ; and immediately sprung toward the sound, barking vehemently. Two men who were opening the granary door, threw stones at him, to intimidate his watchfulness, but this only increased his fury, and confirmed his suspicions. People were now heard in the house, opening the windows. The thieves therefore fled with precipitation. The master of the house saw one of them climbing over the paling, and immediately dispatched the groom,

groom, who was, most completely, dressed, in pursuit of the robbers. The master was surprized to find himself roused by a dog whose voice he did not know, while his own dogs were silent, and not to be found. Immediately on seeing Keeper, he recollected him to be the dog of his friend; and received him with the same cordiality which Keeper, on his part, evinced at their meeting. He found that nothing had been carried away: but that it was certainly intended that the granary should have been pilaged; and he attributed the preservation of his property wholly to

to Keeper's vigilance. On this account, as well as because it was the dog of a very intimate friend, he paid him particular attention. He brought him into the house, and gave him food, of which Keeper stood much in need. In the mean time the groom returned, saying, that he was not able "to track the villains;" and with him came the yard dogs, whom he pretended to have found straggling, at some distance. He wished to persuade his master that the dogs had been decoyed away, in order to prevent the family from being apprized of the robbery. With re-

spect to the motive, he was correct: of the rest, the truth was, that himself had muzzled the dogs, and lodged them in a barn at some distance from the premises.

Keeper had a particular aversion to any tinkling or clanking noise; and this was one of the few things that never failed to irritate him. The gentleman at whose house he now was, hoping of seeing his master, had several children, and, among them, a son of about sixteen or seventeen years of age, whose name was Frederic. On the evening of the day on which

Keeper

Keeper arrived, the young 'squire was visited by a friend not quite so old as himself, who had lately engaged in military life. This young gentleman accidentally discovering Keeper's infirmity, found great entertainment in provoking him to bark at, and attack, the fire-tongs, which he snapped incessantly, for this purpose, close to Keeper's head. Although this game was rather too noisy to afford much pleasure to the rest of the company; it might have gone on with considerable spirit, had not the soldier, with martial intrepidity, ventured to increase the exasperation 'till

Keeper burst furiously upon him. The hero was no sooner attacked in his turn, then dropping the weapon of offence, he sprang backward, with a violent shriek, almost over his chair. Recovered from this alarm, which ended without mischief, he again applied the tongs to Keeper's annoyance ; and, at length, stooped his head, and put his own nose in Keeper's way, who instantly snapped at it, and pierced his upper lip. This kind of hurt usually causes an involuntary and instantaneous starting of tears, which flowing pretty freely on this occasion, while the blood trickled

trickled from the lip, and forgot its usual office: "to blush and beautify the face." The son of Mars certainly did not look quite so brave as at the beginning of the fight: yet, it is to be remembered, to his honour, that he bore no malice to the victor. On the contrary, he sustained the fortune of war with becoming equanimity. In compliment, however, to the wounded knight, the master of the house thought proper to order Keeper out of the room, though neither he, nor any one else, blamed the part which Keeper had acted.

It was directed that Keeper should be tied up in the stable, that he might be preserved for his own master; where he slept comfortably 'till morning introduced a scene of new disasters.

CHAP. XIII.

THE SPARROW-HAWK.

FREDERIC came by eight o'clock to visit the stranger. He had scarcely entered the stable where he observed some drops of blood, and scattered feathers, which he instantly knew to have belonged to a sparrow-hawk, that he kept tame, and of which he was exceedingly fond. He flew to be convinced of the loss of his bird, and finding the cage empty, immediately charged Keeper with the crime of killing and eating his hawk.

The

The first person he met, was the groom; and to him he related the story of Keeper's atrocious crime. The groom, it may be suspected, was glad of an opportunity of vengeance on the vigilant and faithful Keeper. He expressed much concern at his young master's loss, and inveighed against the author of it in the bitterest terms. Frederic vowed to be avenged of the murderer of his bird; in which design the groom encouraged him, and strongly recommended that he should be immediately hung at the stable door.

Frederic

Frederic was mightily pleased with this project: he forgot that he should in so doing commit the very crime for which, as he idly fancied, a love of goodness, and abhorrence of cruelty, prompted him to punish Keeper. He forgot that Keeper could have no other motive for killing the hawk than the gratification of his own wants, an excuse which himself certainly could not plead.

The truth is, that it was not a love of goodness, but of power, that prompted the "little tyrant" to this act of authority. The offence was a mere pretext for this deed of *pretended* justice, but of *real*

real barbarity. Accordingly it was not sufficient that the life of the dog should pay for the life of the hawk. He adopted the proposal of hanging Keeper, but the summary and unceremonious manner suggested by the groom did not meet his approbation. He amused himself with planning the *etiquette* to be observed on the occasion; and ordered the culprit into close confinement, while he went to collect his brothers, his sisters, and his neighbours, to be witnesses of the fight.

His father happened to be gone on a short journey this morning, so that no interruption was to be
appre-

apprehended from him : and his mother saw nothing but mystery and eagerness in the faces of the children, whom she supposed to be engaged in some great, but she did not think criminal, exploit.

The spectators being assembled with a mixture of expectation and terror in their countenances, the prisoner was conveyed, with much formality, to a part of the garden, where the remaining feathers of the hawk were deposited. Matters were now prepared to hang Keeper over the grave; who much to the discomfiture of the starched faces that were met on this solemn occasion, was so indecorous

decorous as to play with a piece of stick, and sometimes with the rope that was fastened round his neck, during the whole of the ceremony.

Having exhausted their ingenuity in inventing schemes for prolonging their wicked pleasure, the fatal moment at length arrived that was to put an end to Keeper's existence. To separate him for ever from the master whom he had fought so ardently and loved so dearly; to destroy those hopes for which he had suffered so many hardships; and to take away that life which Caroline had cherished so tenderly!

The

The cord was now drawn, and the unconscious victim of infantine barbarity suspended from a bough.

A voice now called them to
 follow, and they started
 hastening up the walk. It soon
 appeared that Kasper should be
 released from that condition
 to prove that he came to the foot
 of the stairs, and that he
 and his wife were
 and finally reached the
 his door. He was
 the room in which
 he found the body of
 the woman who had
 been killed. He was
 alone with the body.

CHAP. XIV.

THE EPIGRAPH.

A VOICE now called their attention, and their father was seen hastening up the walk. He commanded that Keeper should be released: but their confusion was so great that he came to the spot before his orders were obeyed, and instantly replaced Keeper on his feet.

He reprimanded them severely, and enquired the cause of so extraordinary an act of cruelty, which was, beside, an unpardonable

able insult to his friend, the owner of the dog.

The charge of killing the hawk was brought forward. This, however, their father would not admit as any excuse. He next asked, who had suggested the idea of hanging the dog on this account? On hearing that the groom was the author of the detestable plan, he immediately dismissed him from his service; and having now some proofs of his being concerned in the intended robbery, caused him to be sent to gaol,

One of the servants came running with a wing, and part of the head of the hawk, which he had

found in the cat's habitation. This discovery entirely freed Keeper from the charge. Particularly as dogs seldom or never eat the animals they kill; while cats almost always make a feast of their spoil.

Frederic remained in extreme disgrace: from which he was at length released, sincerely regretting that he had ever intended any thing so unbecoming his general good disposition, and understanding. Convinced that Keeper was wholly innocent of his bird's destruction, he only regretted its loss. He erected a monument to its memory, whereon were inscribed

scribed the following verses. His father was so well pleased with the composition, that he became reconciled with him on the occasion; and, beside, bestowed rewards on him, as incitements to the future exercise of abilities.

EPITAPH

ON A TAME SPARROW-HAWK.

Let not the stranger, passing by,
Behold this grave with scornful eye;
Nor blameful deem the lowly shrine;
Nor undeserved the mournful line!

What tho', had NATURE held her sway*,
Weak innocence had been his prey;
And tuneful victims daily bled:—
Still shall the muse lament him dead!

* Had he continued in a natural, or wild state.

O thou, who, when the rosy spring
 Her store of sweet delights doth bring,
 Doth love so well the flow'ry way
 Where woodland wild notes hymn the day.

E'en thou forgive!—For who shall stand
 'Gainst NATURE's absolute command?
His means of *life*, by fate they bleed;
 And the *decree* absolves the *deed*!

E'en *thou* forgive!—not hawks alone
 With others lives maintain their own;
 To feed the LINNET, *nations* die!
 And why unpitied falls the *fly*?

Ah, thoughtful stranger, turn thine eyes
 Where proud AUGUSTA's* fanes arise;
 Where sculpture lends her hand to trace
 The laurel'd murd'rer's blood-stain'd face!

Him, born to feel his brother's woe;
 Him, born at other's joy to glow;
 To wipe affliction's tearful eye;
 And bid the wretched cease to sigh;

* A Roman name for LONDON.

Ah,

Ah, me! mad conquest fired his soul!
 For kindred lips he drugged the bowl!
 He play'd the dark assassin's part——
 And liv'd—to wound each virtuous heart!

If MAN thus far mistakes his way,
 And makes whom born to *love* his prey,
 HAWKS are but satires on our kind!
 They act the part by heav'n design'd!

O blame not then this lowly shrine!
 Nor scorn the mourner's feeble line!
 Profane not this, his honour'd bed:
 But, with the Muse, lament the DEAD!

CHAP. XV.

THE RABBIT-WARREN.

IN the mean time, Keeper took the first opportunity, after his fortunate release, to leave a house where he had, though greatly against the master's wish, received so much ill-treatment. Unable to discover his master, and having visited every place in which he could expect to find him, nearer than his own house, he now began his route thither, determined to let nothing delay his progress if he could possibly avoid it. He kept this resolution pretty regularly :

regularly : yet he could not help running after sparrows, now and then : and he was much at a loss to account for their disappearance at his approach.

He continued travelling during several days ; sometimes relieved from hunger, by finding a bone in his way through villages ; and from fatigue, by resting under hedges, and on sunny banks. Sometimes fed : but, for the most part, oppressed by want and weariness.

At length his incessant exertion brought him as far as an extensive waste that lay on lofty hills. Huge blocks of stone peep-
ed

ed out in various parts; and the whole was scantily supplied with herbage. Here KEEPER saw whole families of RABBITS racing in every direction, and he ran an hundred different ways in pursuit of them, as the old groupes suddenly disappeared, and new ones became visible. Presently none were to be seen: and, while Keeper wondered at the change, a kite hovered over the place, and alarmed the whole long-eared neighbourhood. Keeper, too, had contributed to their consternation: and he, not distracted, now, by the variety of his game, pursued one of the grey fugitives into its burrow,

burrow. He was soon impeded by the straightness of the path, and he spent a considerable time in scratching his way. The earth, though now frozen, was extremely light, and sandy: so that, when he had dug away the uppermost part, he soon covered himself with dirt: but this was all he *could* do. Meanwhile, the rabbits endured all the horrors of a siege: 'till Keeper, recollecting his master, raised* it, and continued his progress.

While Keeper was running in many a serpentine direction, through alleys fenced by *ling*,

* Abandoned, gave it up.

and withered *fern*, in his way to the high-road, the keeper of the warren, who happened to be at that time on the spot, observed our intruder, and immediately fired upon him. Keeper escaped unhurt, and ran impetuously along until he reached the road, and was lost to the gunner. Having been wounded when he last heard a similar noise, he made no doubt but he was, again, equally injured; and it was not before he had passed several hours, without feeling pain, that he recovered his spirits and his peace.

CHAP. XVI.

THE FORGE.

OUR honest traveller now drew near the home he panted for: panted for, because it contained the long lost friend whom he so diligently sought. His little heart beat high with expectation: his eager feet redoubled their speed; and he was absorbed in the recollection of his master's kindnesses.

Happy would it have been for Keeper had he remembered his admonitions also: for, at that un-

L

lucky

lucky moment, an unmanaged horse galloped past him, which a man was endeavouring to lead to a neighbouring forge to be roughshod. A precaution very necessary, as the frost still continued. Keeper could not forbear assailing his heels: by which imprudence our hero received a kick that laid him in the dust. Stunned by the blow, he was insensible to any thing, until, waking to sorrow and repentance, he found himself, fastened by a cord, in a corner of a blacksmith's shop; to the door of which dismal region of noise and flames he had so rashly followed the animal that bruised

bruised him. To this confinement the sons of vulcan had condemned him; in order, as they said, "to see if they could not have some sport with the young cur, yet!" Several days passed, however, without affording them leisure either to hang, or to worry the captive. Neither the *tin kettle* nor the halter were yet ready. The poor creature would probably have been rescued from both by the arm of famine, had he not picked up the parings of the horse's hoofs that happened to lay near him: this, with the snow that fell through the crazy roof

of his prison, was the whole of his miserable subsistence.

Ah ! thought the sagacious, the guileless, but impetuous, Keeper, why did I quit the path of duty ? Why did I forget my kind master who has so often warned me from the fault that has brought me hither ? Thus, in mournful plainings did he waste the tedious days of captivity and sorrow, 'till one propitious morning brought him a deliverer.

The young gentleman, who released Keeper, was the only son of the 'squire of the village, wherein the accident happened.

He

He had come with his father's groom to give directions respecting a *poney* of his own, that was, on that day, to have his first shoes. He was about nine years of age, of a good natured and generous disposition, and was just come home for the holidays.

“Why should not that poor animal be set at liberty?” He asked, as he cast his eye upon the miserable, shivering, half-starved Keeper.

“You shall have him for a crown,” rejoined the Blacksmith.

“I have not so much in my pocket:” said the young ‘squire:

“but, at home, I have a crown-
 L 3 piece,

piece, given me this morning, by my grandmamma, to buy a twelfth cake with : I had a guinea : but I gave it to kill the *French* with ! I will run home and fetch my *crown-piece* !”

He was out of sight in a moment, and soon returned with the *crown-piece* and his knife ; that he might have the pleasure of releasing Keeper himself. The difference between this conduct, and that of Frederic, in the preceding chapter, will strike every reader : and to which of the two the attribute of merit belongs ; to which the applause of the good, and the gratification of the heart, appertains

appertains, will be equally obvious.

Having accomplished this undertaking, he immediately carried Keeper home, in his arms, to his papa, who commended his son's humanity; and these commendations, with those of his own heart, more than repaid him for the loss of his twelfth-cake.

Keeper, from his good manners, and good temper, soon became a universal favourite in the family; and was the perfect idol of his new master. Infomuch that, could the faithful dog have ever forgot the object of his journey, it would have been in this abode

of

of indulgence and of rest. On the contrary, however, the same sentiment of gratitude that endeared this, his recent deliverer, perpetuated the recollection and esteem of him to whom he owed earlier, and, perhaps, greater, obligations. Consequently, therefore, he waited with anxiety for the first opportunity that might offer itself, to renew his researches. Meanwhile, the vigilance with which his young master preserved his prize, seemed to preclude all possibility of escape.

Among the methods which he used in order to detain Keeper, he tied him unto a four-wheel waggon,

waggon, a Christmas-gift, whenever he went out. Considering this and other contrivances of the same nature, it is not to be wondered that, notwithstanding the caresses bestowed him, Keeper passed his time very unhappily, despairing of his liberty. At length, however, *black-monday* arrived; and his kind persecutor was obliged to leave him, and set off, with a sorrowful countenance, for school. He departed, after having kissed Keeper many times, and enjoining the family to be sure to take care of him till his return.

He was no sooner gone than, malgre these instructions, Keeper found no difficulty in getting away; resolved, once more, to seek his master with undeviating feet.

CHAP. XVII.

THE FALL OF SNOW.

THE weather was not so fine as in the former part of his journey. It was gloomy, and intensely cold, and, at length, a heavy fall of snow succeeded. When it first began to descend, Keeper amused himself with chasing the flakes, which he mistook for feathers. Having caught one in his mouth, he felt in every part of it with his tongue, to discover his prize. A little time convinced him that it was metamorphosed into water; and,

and, now, his coat was covered with the snow, which, melting, rendered his skin wet, and his whole condition deplorable. Keeper continued on, nevertheless, 'till, toward evening, finding that his legs sunk, almost entirely, at every step, while his back was loaded with the frozen water, and being, beside, exceedingly fatigued, he sheltered himself in a hollow tree: where, having shaken as much of the wet from him, as possible, he lay down, and slept soundly 'till day-light. In the mean time, the descent of snow had been so immense that the aperture, by which he had entered, was wholly blocked

blocked up. This had kept him warmer than he would otherwise have been: but it now made him a prisoner, like SHAKESPEARE'S *Ariel*, in the trunk of a knotty oak. He scratched the blockade, and it easily admitted his paws: but, though a tolerably good miner, his abilities on this occasion availed him nothing: for the snow, by which he was enclosed, extended in one continued sheet, and lay, two or three feet thick, upon the ground. Despairing of deliverance, he turned round, and, to his joy, discovered light, in an oblique direction, at the upper part of the tree. This was,
M indeed,

indeed, the *only* source from which light had been received into his cage : but he had not hitherto perceived it. He climbed hastily, and with ease, to this day-star of liberty. He exulted in its beams ; and ascended toward it without apprehending any new difficulty. He did not know that though it could cheer and console his confinement, it could not insure his happiness in emancipation. There is, it must be allowed, a common error on this subject : for the splendid luminary of freedom is supposed, by many people, to have more power than it really has. He gained

the open air, and was, at first, disappointed to find that the gateway was not even with the ground. He looked about during some moments, with a melancholy face, at the unvaried but dazzling landscape—then, forgetting its soft contexture, he leaped from the tree, and was, instantly, buried up to the head in the snow: the vast body of which, though not firm enough to support him, and so unstable as to drift with every wind, yet yielded but little to his endeavours to extricate himself. When on the tree, he had perceived a road marked out by the passing of one or two carriages:

but, in his present low situation, this disappeared, by enchantment, as it seemed to him. Nothing presented itself to his view, but one wide prospect of insipid and chilling whiteness. No sunny spot enlivened the distant view to console the weary and desponding traveller, but, in miserable snowy perspective,

"Hills peep'd o'er hills, and alps on alps arose!"

GOLDSMITH.

Gusts of wind frequently agitated the powdery expanse, and scattered its frozen particles on Keeper's defenceless head. It was his solace, in the midst of these

these troubles, that he had not incurred *this*, like his *last*, disaster, by any fault of his own: but, now, solace and trouble, pain, and pleasure, were approaching to an end. He howled piteously; and the blast bore his groans over the solitary waste. His murmurs became fainter, and less incessant. His body grew stiff; and the last remaining warmth of life was about to leave him. Even the recollection of his master became indistinct and lifeless, as the view before him had been: but now his eyes were closed. One look, one short and little look, he wished for; and his wildered

fancy cheered his expiring moments with the form, and features of his master. He fancied that this friend of his life was endeavouring to rescue him from his misery. He thought that his warm hand was on his neck. He thought that he dug away the perishing snow. The idea became still less distinct: he even thought himself relieved from his misery. He fancied himself in the arms of his master. He was happy. He was insensible.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE PEASANT.

ATTRACTED by Keeper's howling, a peasant, who was going home to dinner, had waded through the snow, and taken him in his arms. It was this reality that had been distorted, by Keeper's imagination, into a vision of his master.

The peasant thought Keeper dead: yet he resolved to carry him home, and try what the little warmth his cottage afforded would do for his recovery. He wrapped

wrapped him up in a sack, and bore him to the hovel that barely sheltered him and his family from the winds and the rains.

There the good woman fanned away the embers from a part of the hearth, and laid Keeper on the warm tiles. She rubbed him, and she lessened her little store of dried gorse or furz, to raise a fire that might reinvigorate him. Toward evening, Keeper began to recover, or, as he fancied, to awake. His senses returning by degrees, he looked round for his master, and barked at the strangers whom he saw. Unacquainted with his motives, they thought
this

this an ungrateful return for their kindness, and therefore turned him out of doors. He, wondering what had befallen him since he fell asleep in the snow, recollected the cottage to be in his way home, and anticipated a speedy restoration to his master, whom he still thought he had seen in the day, but again missed in a most unaccountable manner.

It was moonlight, when, about ten o'clock, the gates of his master were before his eyes. He ran toward them in rapture, and creeping under, rushed in an agony of joy, to the kitchen door. Scratching violently, it was opened,

ed, and he ran round the kitchen, using every gesture, and tone of voice, by which he could express his pleasure. He was somewhat disappointed to find the servants strangers to him; while *they* began to be alarmed at his entrance. The women screamed, and the men prepared to attack Keeper with broomsticks. He, eluding their aim, darted into the inner part of the house, to visit the parlour. There the noise of the servants had spread the consternation, when Keeper terrified the whole company by his appearance.

What

What might have been his fate had it not been for a gentleman who quieted the agitation of the party, cannot be determined. He assured them that no danger was to be apprehended from the dog, who only seemed to be in high spirits, on some account or other, notwithstanding his starved condition. The conclusion of this remark was so well justified by Keeper's appearance, that all were desirous to see him well fed; and Keeper revelled in luxury during the whole evening: anxious, nevertheless, that his master was not to be seen. He whined at the door, and the indulgent gentleman

tleman having opened it, he searched the whole house over, hoping to find his master: but, disappointed, he returned again to the parlour, and scratching at the door, was again admitted.

Every creature in the house was as strange to Keeper, as he was strange to them. The furniture, also, was new to him.

Since Keeper had parted from his master, that gentleman having sold his house advantageously, had removed to a more splendid habitation, at some distance from his former abode. Thus the reader is apprized of those circumstances that rendered Keeper still

at a loss for his master, although he had arrived at, what he considered, his master's house.

Keeper's behaviour led the new comers to guess, with tolerable correctness, the occasion of his visit. All were of opinion that the dog had lost his master, and the gentleman who had befriended him advised that, it should be enquired if he had belonged to the former owner of the place. This was only a visitor, however; and though his advice was graciously received, it was totally disregarded.

CHAP. XIX.

COURAGE.

IT may be frequently observed, of animals, and of dogs chiefly, because with that class we are most intimately acquainted, that, they are alarmed at objects which can do them no injury: sometimes small and insignificant; and, not unfrequently, inanimate. Keeper had lain quietly before the fire while much conversation passed respecting him. He was not asleep, but had remained fixed in profound rumination on his

his disappointed hopes, his perilous journey, and his future expectations, when, turning his head toward the door, which some noise had occasioned him to think was about to be opened, and, possibly, by his master, his eye was attracted by a something, black as to colour, and shapeless, or indefinite with respect to its *contour* or outline. For as the subject of his attention lay in deep shade, under a chair, its colour and its form mingled with the darkness that surrounded it; and owing to this indistinctness, it might, probably, assume a hundred different appearances,

changing and succeeding with the conjectures of Keeper's imagination. After looking at it very attentively during some minutes he concluded that, whatever it might be, both his duty and his inclination called upon him to repel the intruder. Something was yet wanting to equip him for the adventure: this was, resolution, or courage: and let not the brave be too hasty to cast the reproach of cowardice on his delay. The policy of nations has given birth to so many false opinions respecting COURAGE, that the task of undeceiving the world on that subject, by pursuing it through

through all its sophistic complications, were, perhaps, one of the most arduous, and unsuccessful in which the philosopher could engage; and it is, certainly, infinitely beyond the scope of the humble narrator of Keeper's Travels: yet it may not be difficult, and, obviously, not irrelevant, to call to mind that, the most valiant are afraid of danger to which they are unused, of the nature of which they can form no precise idea, and of which the consequences are *evidently* fatal. The soldier advances to the scymitar and the musquet, because to these he is accustomed,

and because he has hitherto escaped their fury: but he flies from the scythe and the fork which the peasant can oppose to him. The most valourous chieftain would be terrified at the appearance of a monster in the field of battle: his useless spear, his armour, and his shield, would but incumber his retreat. It is related of Marshal Turenne, whose name has been ever, and justly, coupled with "daring do" and bravery, that, being in the King's tent, when a famous stone-eater was boasting his exploits, and his capacities, the impostor told his Majesty that, if he pleased, he
would

would “swallow that gentleman” (the Marshal) “whole, armour, and all!” The Marshal no sooner heard this extravagant proposal than he fled to his marquee in the utmost dismay; and it was with difficulty that the King persuaded him, even on the next day, to venture from the security of his hiding place. This was not cowardice: it was credulity. If the Marshal believed, as plainly he did, that it was possible to the knave to eat him and his armour, his consequent behaviour was but timely prudence, and the result of the rational wish of self-preservation: for

for what would his sword and his valour have availed against an enemy who could destroy his opposer at a bite?

Courage*, is, in truth, that venturesome disposition of the mind which we applaud as brave and wise, or stigmatize as rash and fool-hardy, as it happens to succeed in its enterprize, or accord with our own opinions of the occasion of its exertion.

Keeper was not, then, cowardly: had the thing that alarmed him been a cat, a rat, or a bird;

* It is to be understood, that the passive quality, which we call *fortitude*, is not here spoken of.

may had a dozen thieves forced their passage into the room, he would have rushed on them with as much dauntless intrepidity as would equal a soldier's *own* story of his battles: but he was frightened, agreeably with what has been said, because he could not comprehend the occasion of his terror. Determined at last, to examine the dreadful something that lay under the chair, he left the hearth, and approached with cautious steps. When he had arrived, within a certain distance without ascertaining what the terrific appearance might be, he retreated a few steps, and
again

again advanced, in another *radius*, toward the centre of attraction. Still, however, he kept at an awful distance, and, barking, sat down to watch its continuance, and its conduct. His behaviour had gained the observation of the company, and they regarded his motions with curiosity. As they were entirely ignorant of the matter that had drawn Keeper's notice, they were presently anxious to discover what was concealed under the chair, to which he pointed. Some were afraid of danger; and some were desirous to witness the various antics that Keeper played on the

occasion, so that a few moments passed before the latent wonder was fought for. Keeper, being set on, began a furious attack: but did not advance many paces nearer his foe than before. He contented himself with loud threatenings of his wrath, and vauntings of his prowess. He tried the right-hand and the left to no purpose; and again sat down, to watch and to bark. The inquisitiveness of the spectators demanded an explanation: grasping therefore a candle in one hand, and the poker in the other, one of the party marched toward the *arcanum*. Dazzled by the

the flame, which he held close to his nose, he did not perceive that the hot poker was approaching Keeper's ribs. Keeper no sooner felt the burn than, turning, he came between the feet of the *illuminato*: the dog was trod upon: the man was bit: both roared out, and were presently struggling together, with the extinguished candle, and the fiery poker. The lookers-on caught the alarm: one overturned the table, in his escape; and the room was deserted amid the stench of expiring tapers, and the shrieks of frightened females.

CHAP. XX.

THE DISCOVERY.

Ne let hobgoblins, names whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not. SPENSER.

THE party having rallied their spirits, returned to the scene of their disasters; when a cautious search having been made, by the whole troop in grand muster, some few standing boldly in the van, others peeping over the shoulders of these venturous souls; some with their hands on the chairs, prepared to hurl them on the *giant* that lay squeezed under the stool; and one or two

O

at

at the half-opened door, ready to make their escape, when the mystery should be revealed. The groupe being stationed somewhat in this manner, and cautious search having been made, there was discovered-A BLACK HEARTH-BRUSH!!!

Most were ready to censure Keeper's timidity, forgetful of their own share in the farce that had been acted: but Keeper's friend reminded them of this, and then excused every one alike. Keeper, whose burns still tingled, now became the object of consideration; and turpentine being applied, he was materially relieved.

lieved. The bite he had given was found to be of no importance; and his provocation was acknowledged.

The whole matter was afterward the subject of mirthful recollection. Keeper, only, retained a woful countenance: he still felt pain; and he still missed his master.

CHAP. XXI.

THE POST.

THE gentleman who had interfered in Keeper's behalf was a particularly good-natured man, and Keeper was his favourite again, in the morning. He gave Keeper sweet tea at breakfast, with which he was prodigiously delighted. Satiety will follow every enjoyment; and Keeper had drank enough of the tea, sweet as it was. His friend then added milk and sugar; and the new temptation induced Keeper

to

to take a new draught: its novelty abated, and he retired from this also. Made still more rich, and more sweet, he again indulged in a repetition of the debauch, until stupid from repletion, he lay down by the door, to cool and recover himself.

The conversation at breakfast was chiefly engrossed by the accident of the evening preceding. Enquiries how each other had rested after the fright, were reciprocally made. The unfortunate gentleman who had *fallen* in the fray was the particular object of concern: and he, happily,

suffered nothing from his misfortune.

It was asked what could possibly have made the dog afraid of the broom? and the reply insensibly led the dialogue into a discussion on the nature of FEAR: respecting which it was generally agreed that the object feared, is either something of known malignity and power; or which from its novelty and obscurity is totally *unknown* to us, and of which we are unable to form any regular notions. "It is astonishing," said Keeper's friend, "It is astonishing with what quickness and

and facility the imagination gives shapes and meanings to appearances and sounds that are, in themselves, indistinct: and it is equally observable that the moment the reality is discovered the deception ceases. I remember that, passing along a road on a night that was nearly dark, I saw a something of a whitish colour on my way side. The foot-path was considerably above the level of the road; and the top of this object was beneath my feet. In the space of two minutes, I fancied that it assumed several different forms: at first I thought it a man, who, as I imagined,

gined, endeavoured to crouch close under the bank on which I stood: a moment after it seemed a pig: and in another, a calf. I confess to you that I was alarmed: not that I thought it supernatural. I think that my fear was wholly founded on the apprehension of a robber: but this fear was considerably augmented from the fancied metamorphoses which the object seemed to undergo. In this situation it seemed to wear another shape; intirely fanciful and extravagant: it seemed to me something like a seal, an amphibious creature, of which the large round head was nearest

nearest to me. What strange ideas might have succeeded, had I suffered the delusion to continue, I cannot tell. I call them ideas: because the images were in my own brain, not in the object I looked at. Having spoken to it without receiving answer, I determined to touch it. I acknowledge that I did this with some trepidation. I stood as far off as I could, and, stretching out my arm, directed my stick, with the extremity of which I touched the terrible thing that alarmed me. I cannot recite this circumstance without feeling a re-iteration

iteration of the surprize I then experienced from finding that, at the very instant I touched the object, it was plainly and obviously a *post* ! I did not need the aid of light or minute examination : but merely touching it, and with a stick, I clearly knew it to be a *post* ! One remark immediately presents itself. Had men, at all times, examined any appearance that alarmed them, we never should have heard of centaurs, witches, ghosts, and faries : as this, however, unfortunately, has not been done, it remains for us, observing how naturally such errors
may

may be made, to disregard, as fabulous, every story respecting them.

CHAP. XXII.

THE PASSION OF FEAR.

DURING the recital of this little incident the whole company had been absorbed in the most profound attention: and though the *denouement* of the story produced a laugh, it may be questioned if the hearers were not disappointed of a pleasure they expected from hearing some marvellous event. And, beside, each was vexed with himself because the gratification of starting a conjecture which should be found

to

to be true, was denied him. The most consoling thing now was to laugh at the story-teller, for his unreasonable apprehension. This was rendered incomplete: for he joined in the laugh, and then there was nobody to be laughed at.

Having wiped their eyes therefore, and discovered that their tea was cold, the conversation took a more sedate turn, and nearly became a philosophical discussion.

“ I found,” said the *post-seer*,
“ that what had appeared to me
a large protuberant head was
the top of the post, which was
P painted

painted white, while the rest, that seemed to recede, was grey. Every one will therefore see why the white part, though not, in fact, nearer than the grey, should appear to me to be so: he will readily understand also why this portion should seem to be larger than the other: for none can have failed to notice, though not particularly conversant with the theory of colours, that those which are light produce the effect of projection, while the dark retire: an observation on which the whole art of painting *primarily* depends. To give this idea a more familiar exposition,—It must have been remarked

marked that a person dressed in white, appears larger than when habited in black."

"There is another matter to be noticed," continued he, "I mean that strong conviction which the sense of feeling bestows. You will find naturalists agreed that, without it, sight would be of little use. You saw the dog frightened at a broom: it is supposed that animals have very imperfect ideas of the size of objects, because they have no arms nor fingers to ascertain the dimensions of what they see. I should enter upon quite a new subject, were I to discuss this matter

fully: returning, therefore, to the point in question, we may venture to affirm that had every appearance which may have frightened the observer, through the medium of the eyes, been exposed to the test of feeling—had it even been touched with the toe, or with a stick—we should never have heard of spirits or ghosts. I know that an idea has gone abroad that these gentry cannot be felt—though, rather inconsistently, we are sometimes told of *cold* hands. Now I will allow that, to give some foundation to this stupid assertion, some attempts, and not many, have been made

made to feel the pretty creatures. In reply to this, I shall recur to what I have said of colours, owing to which, and other circumstances, we are frequently deceived, in the gloom of night, as to the *nearness* of the object we see. Were a blind man to receive his sight, he would, for some time, be puzzled in this respect, even at noon day. Now then it may happen that when some venturous hand has been stretched forth as far as the owner thought necessary to touch the apparition, the poor innocent lamp-post, or mile-stone, has been, unfortunately, placed, time im-

memorial, some dozen yards farther off. From what I have said it will appear that: in proportion to our ignorance we are liable to these alarms, and that, knowledge can remove these dreadful evils from our minds: consequently, no other recommendation is necessary to make young people very desirous of obtaining it. I say *knowledge*, because, for example, we know that there are fixed rules in the œconomy of nature, agreeably with which a milestone may be made to appear more or less distant, while, in fact, it remain in the same place."

CHAP. XXIII.

KEEPER'S MASTER.

DURING the period that had elapsed between Keeper's departure from Caroline, and the occurrence of the circumstances, recorded in the latter chapters, the magistrate had happened to mention the story of Keeper's misfortune, with that of Mr. Walwyn, in the hearing of a gentleman who was acquainted with his master, and who knew that he had lost his dog.

The magistrate accompanied the subject with many and warm praises

praises of Caroline's kindness to Keeper; and the gentleman with whom this conversation occurred reported the whole to Keeper's master, who immediately paid a visit to the magistrate, wishing to be farther informed of the matter. The magistrate related to him, that, much to Caroline's regret, the dog had left her. Keeper's master was certain from the description that it was his dog, and felt grateful for the hospitality that had been shewn to him. He accompanied the magistrate to the apothecary's house, to return his thanks, and, if possible, to get some

some clue by which the wanderer might be found.

Caroline said that, beside lamenting the loss of the dog, it had concerned her that he left the house before he was thoroughly recovered; but she was now doubly grieved to find that he had not discovered the master his fidelity to whom had with-drawn him from her.

Keeper was the principal topic of animadversion during the whole visit; his absence was lamented; his return desired; and his merits extolled. The capacities of the whole race were descanted on, both as to their natural and acquired

quired habits and endowments. With respect to the first it was mentioned, as remarkable, that, so great an intimacy subsists between vultures and dogs in their wild state, that they not only assemble together without contention to devour the dead carcases of animals in America, from Nova Scotia, to Terra del Fuego; but actually nurse their young in the same place. The Providence of the Creator, it was said, is very visible in causing this harmony between these rapacious creatures; for as it seems to have been intended that they should unite in ridding the earth of putrescent animal

mal bodies that might otherwise infect the air, it was essential that the uniformity of the design should not be destroyed by dissensions between themselves. To render them fit for this useful office, they are exposed to the cravings of an almost insatiable appetite; and that *species* of the *genus* called the *wolf*, in which this want appears to rage with most violence, is said to seek relief from the pain of extreme hunger by swallowing earth and stones.

“ We have no wolves in England, I believe?”

“ They

“They were extirpated before the end of the thirteenth century: prior to that period they were numerous in some of the countries. Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochail, is mentioned as the destroyer of the last in Scotland, in Lochaber, during the year 1680; and the last in Ireland was killed so lately, as 1710. They are to be found in all the quarters of the world, as high as the *arctic circle*.”

“Although” said Keeper’s master, “wolves, foxes, hyænas, and jackals are joined by *naturalists* in the same *genus* on account of the similar conformation of their teeth, they bear little resemblance to
each

each other in their manners. The jackall, indeed, when taken young, acquires the same affectionate disposition; and is by some late authors supposed to be the original stock of all our various kinds of dogs; and of the hyæna it may be observed, that one of the authors alluded to (Mr. Pen-
nant) separates that *species*, making it a separate *genus*."

Of their social habits, and useful qualities, the substance of what was said may be found in Mr. Cowper's "Task:" where, condemning cruelty to animals in general, he goes on to speak of dogs in particular.

Superior as we are they yet depend
Not more on human help, than we on theirs.
Their strength, or speed, or vigilance were given
In aid of our defects. In some are found
Such teachable and apprehensive parts,
That man's attainments in his own concerns,
Match'd with th'expertness of the brutes in theirs,
Are oft-times vanquish'd and thrown far behind.
Some shew that nice sagacity of smell,
And read with such discernment, in the port
And figure of the man, his secret aim,
That oft we owe our safety to a skill
We could not teach, and must despair to learn.
But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop
To quadruped instructors, many a good
And useful quality, and virtue too,
Rarely exemplified among ourselves:
Affection never to be wean'd, or changed
By any change of fortune: proof alike
Against unkindness, absence, and neglect:
Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat
Can move nor warp: and gratitude for small
And trivial favours, lasting as the life,
And glist'ning even in the dying eye!

CHAP. XXIV.

THE POEM.

KEEPER'S master was much charmed with Caroline: and having heard from her the story of the dog's introduction to her care, together with his behaviour on the morning before his departure, he wrote the following lines, and addressed them to CAROLINE, as an attempt to describe the feelings of his DOG: some part, however, may be suspected to have been, mingled at least, with those of the MASTER.

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Cold and dark was the night, and poor KEEPER
was weary ;

All smarting his wounds, and his journey was
dreary ;

The bleak blast blew o'er him, while shiv'ring,
cried he :

“ Ah! who will have pity, have pity on ME !”

“ A poor little wand'rer, afflicted I roam,

“ In search of my MASTER, and master's lov'd
“ home !

“ Ah! might I from pain and from trouble go
“ free !”—

“ But no one has pity, has pity on ME !”

“ Thee, lord of mine heart, could mine eyes once
“ discover,

“ My pilgrimage ended, no longer a rover ;

“ O how blest and how happy thy KEEPER
“ would be :

“ For *thou* would'st have pity, have pity on
“ ME !”

“ But here while I travel, so hungry and weary,

“ All smarting my wounds, and my way cold
“ and dreary,

“ O when

" O when shall my heart from its anguish be free :
" For no one has pity, has pity on ME !"

While thus he lamented, his every joint pain-
ing,
Sweet CAROLINE heard, and she sooth'd all his
plainings :

Then, grateful, he cried : " I from anguish am
" free,
" For CAROLINE had pity, had pity on ME !"

" To thee who, so kindly, hast succoured my
" woes,

" My warm beating breast with true gratitude
" glows :

" Yet still I must leave thee, my MASTER to
" see ;

" And *still* thou must have pity, have pity on
" ME !"

" Yes, forgive me, sweet Caroline, if, thy bo-
" som leaving,

" After long time thy bounty and goodness re-
" ceiving,

" I depart, the dear lord of *my* bosom to see,

" Tho' thou hast had pity, had pity on ME !"

" Yet on thee, sweetest Car'line, wherever I
" wander,

" On thee, evermore, shall my faithful heart
" ponder :

" And still shall my wishes crave blessings for
" thee :

" For thou didst take pity, take pity on ME !"

" And if the dear lord of thy bosom's own
" choosing,

" Thou should'st ever, like me, be in danger
" of losing ;

" If ever thou sigh'st its lov'd MASTER to see,

" May some friendly soother have pity on THEE ;"

" But from sorrow like this still may heav'n pre-
" serve thee !

" May'st thou never lose hold of the hand that
" deserves thee !

" Yet should'st thou—some faint, such as
" thou wast to me,

" Shall, Car'line, have pity, have pity on THEE !"

CHAP. XXV.

THE CONCLUSION.

THE gentleman who had interfered in Keeper's behalf had finished his visit; and after his departure no notice was taken of his suggestion that, a message should be sent to inquire if the former owner of the house had lost his dog: while KEEPER, finding that his master did not appear, became spiritless, and pined daily. At length, a villager having seen Keeper, positively assured

fured the family that the dog belonged to the 'squire who lived there before; and was charged with the office of carrying the information. As Keeper could not be persuaded to follow him, he carried word to the master of Keeper's arrival. His MASTER immediately came; and Keeper was standing at the door when he saw him at a distance. He ran toward him, half frantic with delight. He endeavoured to jump upon the horse, to reach him: but, not succeeding, his master alighted, and a scene of mutual gratulation took place. The mad and extravagant behaviour by which

which Keeper evinced his joy, can scarcely be described ; while the master, on his part, felt, and displayed tokens of the most lively and sincere pleasure, at the restoration of an animal whose virtues he loved, and whose loss he had deplored.

He led Keeper to CAROLINE : when the pleasure of both on seeing one another again, seemed to realize the master's poem. Between the apothecary too, and Keeper, much friendly intercourse took place ; and the magistrate had his share of the honours of the meeting.

Some

Some compliments passed between CAROLINE and the MASTER, respecting *who* should now possess Keeper? These polite dissensions were not, however, of long duration. Whether it was to accommodate KEEPER, who really disliked to part with CAROLINE; or from what other motive, it is not our province to inquire; but so it happened, CAROLINE and his MASTER were married, and Keeper abided with both.

He has lived since happily and at ease. Here ended his troubles. If the recital of them has afforded any entertainment; if it has
given

given pleasure, or of a tearful, or smiling countenance: the DOG has not *journeyed*, nor the HISTORIAN *written*, in vain: and if, in the contemplation of the morality occasionally inculcated, it shall be observed that, The whole narrative exhibits a series of misfortunes that were incurred by one, single act of negligence: if it stamp on the memory of any reader this important lesson: ONE ERROR, ONE DERELICTION FROM THE PATH OF RIGHT: ONE MOMENT'S INATTENTION TO, OR ABANDONMENT OF, VIRTUE, THOUGH TRIVIAL AND HARMLESS IN ITSELF,

MAY

MAY EXPOSE US TO THE WHOLE
TRAIN OF VICES AND SORROWS:
If such a lesson have been taught,
and if it have been deeply im-
pressed, the book will not be
thought the less amusing, because
it is instructive!



THE END.

